

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE FURTHERANCE OF
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

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THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST.

LIFE AND LOVE.

I am Endless Life, and boundless Love, whose power sustaineth each.—*Gîtā, book X.*

THERE is a state possible for man wherein to be is the same as to do. "Self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child" has sometimes seemed a strange saying, as strange as that other, "He who would attain the level of the gods must even now learn to do as they do." Ordinarily we identify ourselves with some picture which we have made for ourselves, or which others have of us, and share wholeheartedly the vagaries of the outer personality; but if we would play worthily our part in the world's history to the world's betterment, we must take up a widely different attitude. Life is the same as love, and if we would establish our self-consciousness in life, the only way is to establish it in love. That which manifests to our own consciousness and in our own consciousness as the feeling of love, manifests outwards as a process of life-giving, and this manifests to its receiver as a sense of widened life on some plane. The mother broods in love over her child, before and after it is born, and that outgoing from the mother's heart becomes the added life of the child. This love is no passive sentiment or sentimentality, but a great sustaining force. If the physician have this power in his heart, he will give the power of recovery to his patient, life itself, and the hope or confidence that belongs thereto. If the teacher have this power and brood over his pupils, he will call their intelligence and latent wisdom into real life, or give life to the germs of these. So if we would get self-knowledge, we must learn to feel ourselves to *be* the life that awakens as love, in the heart, and goes forth to all who need, all who have less than we. In thus ceasing to identify ourselves with our changeful moods and whining sentimentalities and vanities and ambitions and fears and

appetites and hates and prejudices and whims, in time we subdue these personalities of ours that have names and forms, are born, grow, and die. Let the sense of self-being have root in the heart, with the eternal conscious life-stream which during embodied life has channel in the heart from the limitless ocean of life outward to men. It gives thence life to this body ; can it not be made to go further than that, out among men, waking their souls, helping their intelligence, adding even to their physical life, healing even their diseases? By such work we shall rise beyond all personal pains, changes, pleasures, even death itself, for we have taken up our self-being with that for which there cannot be death, with life itself, and therefore with eternal bliss.

“ I have noticed during years of self-observation that it is not in hours of clearness and vigour that this doctrine [of material atheism] commends itself to my mind ; that in the presence of stronger and healthier thought it ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell, and of which we form a part.”—Tyndall, *Fragments of Science*, vol. ii., p. 204.

If man by suppressing, if not destroying, his selfishness and personality, only succeeds in knowing himself as he is behind the veil of physical nature, he will soon be beyond all pain, all misery, and beyond all the wear and tear of change, which is the chief originator of pain. Such a man will be physically of matter, he will move surrounded by matter, and yet he will live beyond and outside it. His body will be subject to change, but he himself will be entirely without it, and will experience everlasting life even while in temporary bodies of short duration. All this may be achieved by the development of unselfish universal love of Humanity and the suppression of personality or *selfishness*, which is the cause of all sin and consequently of all human sorrow.—H. P. B.

THE SOUL'S MAGNETISM.

THE magnetism of the Soul. Know we really all that lies behind this simple statement of a common fact? Nearly all men take for granted that they are souls; the majority forget the fact; the few prove it. Now and again we meet men whose influence is spiritually life-giving; whose great drawing-power renders them literally "fishers of men." We do not need to question the source of this gift; we read it in their eyes, their words, their deeds; more than all, perhaps, in the nameless influence that pervades their very presence, naming them marked men, the Children of the Soul. Those of whom I speak work by the sheer force of being what they are. They are built up of pure and spiritual thought, great sympathies, a full devotion to the true and the good, as they see it. Their mind may be steadied by dogmas, but is not confined by them. They stretch out holy hands towards the world, having for the aim of life the comfort of its sorrows; and for the end of thought the solution of its mysteries. The force—the actual creative potency—of such wide mental habitudes, who can determine? By a pure, interior attitude these men have fashioned characters which attract their own with power. Their own—a world is implied here, for the sovereignty of such souls is not to be measured. They live habitually in the deeps of life, drawing on reservoirs of inner force which, to the ordinary man, is unknown. In short, the Children of the Soul voice the world's genius, and interpret the world's needs. Their great test-quality, if we may so call it, is the quality of spiritual magnetism. It vivifies the dead bones in the valley of conventionalities. Its possessors become the mouthpiece of the Word of Life. Many a time, perchance, we jostle them unawares, in the mart, or in the church, for only "their own" can know them when they come. Yet the condition of recognition is simple. To know the Soul-Children, we must first have touched the Soul. For that of which they are, in a measure, the expression, is in us too, and craves to have its voice. We all may speak its language, and carry its spiritual magnetism. What hinders?

Alas! The answer comes too readily. That "earthly freight" of which the poet sings; that "custom" which lies upon us

With a weight

Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life,

has darkened the true vision, and hidden the light far behind the heaviness of the days. Hence it comes that in a world of immortal souls, only the few know themselves as such, only the few enter consciously into a stored, and mighty heritage of life. The Soul—the "Image of

the Father"—under such glib common-places have we buried the mightiest facts of being. Such words fall lightly from the lips of a world who sees not in them the key to all its problems. Yet here, and not elsewhere the secret lies. Teach man first to realise what he *is*, and he will soon come to realise what he has to *do*. The man of the Soul is not only the man of holiness; he is also the man of power.

"When the Soul speaks through his intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affections it is love." To him the things that are really his gravitate, even though a whole world should oppose them. Human life is nothing more nor less than an expression of the Soul's purposes, and an answer to the Soul's needs. Can it not, then, safely be trusted to fulfil its ideals in man, provided those ideals are not actively opposed?

The greater the spiritual influx, the wider the range of its attraction. To the Soul all things properly belong. Is it unreasonable that one who has learnt to keep a constant call on the forces of his inner life, should, by degrees, discover a right arrangement, and a peaceful ordering of the outer? He is learning to convey that spiritual magnetism which shall relate him to his true environment, the side of life that is *his*, and no other's. He has begun to claim from God his just rights as an evolving being. And such demands are never passed unheeded. "Ask and ye shall receive," is no arbitrary promise, but a fixed law of Greater Nature.

There is therefore a quality of restfulness, and a lack of anxiety about those who exercise the magnetism of the inner man. The right things happen naturally to those whose hearts are right. Amidst the chaos of chance happenings a shaping Power moves ever, in lines of perfect beauty. What matter, if for years the pattern be invisible? The deepest facts of our life do not always ride on the surface of the daily consciousness. It needs an heroic faith to call always on the unfelt deeps, and let the shallows go their noisy way. The Soul-Children are those who exercise this inner seeing, with regard to the events of life. Their "feet run," perhaps, but their "mind need not." This reasoned faith results from a knowledge of soul-law; peace is its hand-maid, and power comes always in its train. Great enough to control a man's whole destiny, it is yet a silent, impersonal force which can have no place beside the earthquake, and the tempest. It delivers a man from the tyranny of working for himself. It relieves him of fruitless mental strife. It shows him clearly the work he cannot do; the things and people that are not his; where force is wasted, and repinings

vain. It checks the restless toss of active minds that seek to express themselves in life, but know not yet their own way. It leads to the Place of Peace; and though in the storm and stress of a needed stage we may seek it, and seek in vain, in that day when it shall have become "our own" we shall find it, and "go out no more."

CHARLOTTE E. WOODS.

THE BAYREUTH MASTER.

(Concluded from p. 46.)

GLASENAPP speaks much of the charm of the later and "retired home life of this great man"—the life of Wahnfried—in connection with the writing of *Parsifal*. "For this creation Wagner was equipped by that inborn goodness of heart which rings from every note." This inborn goodness was never more splendidly exhibited than in his treatment of "the odious onslaughts of his 'opponents' . . . the spiteful sarcasms of our press and its reporters, that torrent of raw vulgarity which daily poured itself upon his name; that wholesale depreciation, distortion, and derision of his person and his life-aims." For all these, Glasenapp tells us, Wagner had no word of retort; "never could these calumnies extort from him an expression of ill-will." The "warmth" to which they sometimes roused him betrayed no trace of "petty, personal feeling, but always showed as the expression of a deep sense of wounded justice."

Glasenapp particularly emphasises "the patience, the gentleness, and the forbearance of this great man;" which have not, he declares, "by a long way, been sufficiently confessed and emphasised." These qualities were especially and continuously shown in his treatment of "persons who were brought into contact with him, persons who in their judgment of men and things can never leave behind them their ready-made recipes, and who applied to his aims and thoughts the foot-rule of their own self-seeking narrowness." Indeed, Wagner seems to have been able to lift the persons of his entourage "high above their own level;" how high, "may be best seen by the many pitiful examples of backsliding into the common rut of 'all-too-human' which have shown themselves, in a remarkable fashion, among highly-gifted men of his acquaintance so soon as this immediate personal stimulus surceased."

Another quality, one even greater than the three already named, must here be recorded, namely, his unbounded compassion. In *Richard Wagner und die Thierwelt*, Wolzogen speaks of his fellow-feeling for

animals in pain, even as a child and in his early youth. And then Glasenapp mentions a charming sketch, drawn by Wagner's friend the artist, Ernst Kietz, almost fifty years ago, showing the boy of seven years in the act of shielding his younger sister from the rawness of the weather. "An earliest, eloquent symbol," he remarks, "of Wagner's constant readiness to share what he possessed with those in need." In the *Nibelungen*-essay Wagner lauds the old Aryan warriors, that with them it was not the possession that gave the man his rank, but the man that ennobled the possession:—"Wherefore an immoderate portion of this world's goods was deemed by them a shameful thing; and he to whom it had fallen, quickly shared it out to others."

With such ideals, ideals which he strove to live up to, is it any wonder that Richard Wagner should have been misunderstood and reviled by all save the very few? That he was ever ready to share his last crust with one poorer than himself, is shown by a beautiful little incident in the time of his hardship in Paris. His last coin had been paid away to buy his breakfast, when an ailing German artisan, "lost in the jungle of unfriendly Paris," knocked at his door and straightway "the beggar is invited to the meal." So, too, he writes later, during the time of the composition of *Tristan*:—"My work has become dearer to me than ever . . . it flows like a healing river from my soul. In all my relations to the suffering world, I feel led and guided by one thing alone—compassion. If I only give myself thereto without reserve, then all my private woes are overcome." And there are hundreds of instances in which he is found sharing, not only his last meal, but his last coin; and lending or giving money to those worse off than himself. As Glasenapp says, "it was the same wellspring of relief that ever brought him solace:" that exercise of compassion. But it was especially the labouring-classes for whom Wagner kept an open heart, the "artisan, who makes all our useful things, and derives, himself, therefrom so proportionately small a use;" the poor "hungry and frozen." He was an implacable enemy to vivisection and its horrible abuses, as his *Letter on Vivisection* proves. One with his love for animals, and deep sympathy with their sufferings, could hardly fail to pour out the vials of his righteous wrath upon those who subjected them to deliberate torture.

The goodness and greatness of his heart formed a basis for the greatness of his mind and thought. "Without the action of the heart," says Wagner, "the action of the brain were but a clockwork mechanism." Glasenapp tells us that "his profound earnestness in a

cause has often been wondered at, and the 'force of grasp' with which he always seized its kernel. This sureness of grasp and perception, however, rests above all upon his penetration into the heart of his object by means of his unerring inner feeling thereof. . . . It is the specific token, the characteristic expression, of that undoubting sureness of Wagner's intuition which always led him to the inner heart of persons, things, or circumstances, at the first glance. If sometimes he was deceived thereby, it arose, again, from that goodness of heart which hoped too much and mistrusted too little."

Wagner's "talent for learning" has been spoken of as something quite beyond the ordinary. "He held continual intercourse with the great minds of bygone days, the thinkers, poets and sages of all times and every nation;" while at the same time never neglecting the most important discoveries of modern science. In literature, Wagner knew everything worth knowing; nothing ever escaped him: "one-sidedness of culture was odious to him, from every point of view." Schopenhauer—in whom he found "that longed-for complement of his own immediate intuition of the truths of both Nature and Mankind"—has assigned Memory as an essential attribute of genius; and our biographer tells us that "with Wagner we meet this in an extraordinary, nay, marvellous degree. His whole life and all its fitful changes, its almost interminable list of personal acquaintanceships, its wealth of impressions stored from countries, cities, manners and customs, lay open before him at each instant." It will be remembered that Schopenhauer's theory of Memory is that it "is by no means to be considered as a vast granary, a storehouse for completed pictures (*Vorstellungen*); but rather, each of these, at the moment of its several recurrence, is a freshly-wrought production of the brain, however fortified by practice." So that Wagner may be said to have thoroughly borne out this theory by the way in which he kept his enormous gift of recollection in constant exercise.

Another trait in this wonderful and complex character which seems to have made a deep impression on Glasenapp, is one which is in close connection with his marvellous memory—"the deep inner continuity of Wagner's personality." He was the "ever youthful," the man of all men to those who knew and loved him, who was ever "like himself;" just as "there was no one like him." His collected writings prove to us the complete unity of his personal character. Says Glasenapp:—"The key to this unity of Wagner's personality lay not alone in his extraordinarily marked and forceful individuality, which

always knew what it wanted and pressed forward without fear or trembling to its goal, but also the incomparable resolution wherewith he obeyed the dictates of this individuality under the sorest stress of outside pressure."

The concluding pages of this admirable and lovingly-penned little sketch are worthy of being given entire; but if the little which has been told induces some to search for themselves in the rich treasure-house of Wagner's Prose-Works, much will have been accomplished; for I can but return to the statement with which I set out on this small attempt, that the world will some day—those who love and admire his works hope not far distant—know that when Richard Wagner died, the Spirit of a great Teacher passed from visible presence among men.

Let me conclude with the last few sentences of the sketch, than which no more appropriate or fitting conclusion could be found:—"Thus do all Wagner's art works lead us back to the human being, Richard Wagner, wherefrom they issued. And in that they have the power to do this consists their highest, their peculiar worth for us and for all coming ages, to whom his living human likeness is lost beyond recall. For were they mere fictions of a special sphere of Art, alien and remote from Life, and therefore truly non-existent, then might they leave us cold and unconcerned. But that, for their conception and bringing-forth, they must first have been lived through and felt in every trait; that, or ever they become realities of Art, they must first have been realities of human Life, and that every hearer of the art-work directly and intuitively feels this—herein alone are they true revelations of the breadth of Human Nature, and of the power and intensity whereto it can uplift itself in the person of one pre-eminent man."

ALICE L. CLEATHER.

WHO ARE THE POOR?

Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age. It menaces, to no small degree, the progress of our civilisation. Its power cannot be broken or destroyed until man has had ingrained into his heart, and mind, the fact that he is divine in nature.
—*Katherine A. Tingley.*

SELFISHNESS is often supposed to consist in an appropriation to oneself of the benefits which belong to all in common, whereby one becomes rich at the expense of somebody else, who becomes thereby poor. Hence the idle rich are pointed out to us as examples of people who are battenning on the luxuries and pleasures stolen from the hard-pressed poor. But, O ye shareholders, ye rent-receivers, that languish

and decay amid the slumbrous pastures of Old England, where *are* your treasures? Show me your riches, that I may see whereof ye have despoiled the poor. They tell me ye rob widows' houses and take unto yourselves undue share of God's universal bounty. They would have me curse you—nay, some would even bid me rob you and bestow upon the poor and the toiler that which ye are said to have taken from them. Show me then your vaunted wealth, for I perceive it not; dispel for me the illusion by which I, who entered these halls in search of riches, have found herein a poverty beyond name, a desolation that moves my pity. Of the "bread that feedeth the shadow" ye have no lack, and verily never was greater demand for such supply; for shadows are all that I have yet found in your abode. But in this kind of riches ye fall short of yon hog, yet is he not esteemed great nor fortunate.

Yes, dreadful is the lot of those who shut themselves out from all intelligent interest in the life of humanity. They may have sun and air, pleasant gardens, ample libraries, plentiful food; but over all broods the spirit of desolation. In their halls the man of action feels stifled. He feels the lack of something to which he is accustomed; it is as if the *moral air* had been withdrawn and he could not breathe. There is no vibrant conscious life in the place; all seems dead, hollow, meaningless. There is no feeling of contact with other minds, other souls; one feels isolated, stranded.

Surely it is people like these who are the poor. Verily they *have not*. They decay silently like a stagnant pool. The rest of the world is to them like a far-off scene. More than half of their own race belong to an inferior class of beings known as "common people." When they associate with others, they do but touch the fringe of their garments; conventional familiarity is very shallow familiarity indeed. When they go to town, they merely thread a narrow beaten track of shops and stations, and never really enter the great city. They are isolated and they carry their isolation about with them.

Their brotherly feelings, thus crowded out, seek refuge in almsgiving—that inseparable companion of unbrotherliness, that resource of the millionaire. "Charity" is ever the sign of separateness; yet let us not decry it, for it stands in the place of true brotherliness, and keeps alive the spirit of mercy.

Out of touch with Humanity! What man is there who could stand the awful test of absolute and enduring solitude, and not go mad? Each man's life is bound up with the common life, and for a man to cut himself off from the common life, it is to cut off his root. But how little

do we realise this fact. When we are shut up by ourselves for any length of time, we begin to realise that half of our conscious life has been taken away. We have lost that part of our life which is common to others.

The more we mix with others, the larger and more vivid becomes our life. The more we isolate ourselves, the narrower becomes our little world; we are on the descent which, if continued, leads to total extinction. Our novelists have painted for us the effects of continued isolation upon character, in the Moody Master of the Manse, the dotish old misanthrope, and similar characters.

And, since the converse must be true, what possibilities open up before the man who determines to merge his personality into the common life! Will not his life, his interests, his consciousness expand and grow greater and fuller, the more he succeeds in forgetting his separate self? And where will the progress end? It will never end; man's consciousness is capable of indefinite expansion, and there is nothing it cannot embrace. The Adepts, the Masters of Wisdom, are men whose consciousness is extended, so that they feel the pulses of humanity, and live in the hearts of all.

Do you believe in God? And would you draw nigh unto Him? Remember that God lives in the hearts of all men, and pervades the universe. Expand your consciousness; feel with others; escape from the prison-house of self; and you will approach God. "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these little ones, ye do it unto Me."

So brotherliness is not an affair of charity and bestowal of gifts. It is an affair of sympathy, of intelligent interest in the life of the world. Unbrotherliness is a shutting up of oneself in the prison of personality—a withdrawing into a shell, like a turtle. The unbrotherly man lives in a narrow airless cell, till the atmosphere becomes poisoned by his own emanations, and he breathes again and again the same tainted thoughts. Thus unbrotherliness is really weakness, decay of strength. The selfish man actually dwindles day by day, and hardens till he becomes encrusted. Many people are chronic invalids solely through this dwindling, emasculating process, and what more pitiful spectacle is there than that of the valetudinarian with his symptoms and his peevishness!

Selfishness will never be eradicated until man realises his divine origin and nature. Belief in a tribal god will not eradicate it; it only increases it. The selfish recluse often includes a god among his personal belongings, a sort of accomplice in his doings. But God is the

World-spirit that lives in the hearts of all, and informs the whole creation. He can only be approached by expanding our spirit till it approximates to His vastness, and this can only be done by sympathy as was taught by the Master in the Gospels. Let us then seek the "kingdom of heaven" within ourselves, and try to realise that we are, after all, not miserable sinners, but Man made in the image of God, and partaking of the universal breath of life and light and love. Then we may expand and grow, and burst this wretched husk of self-hood, which shuts us out from the light and warmth and paralyses our heart's beat; and thus we may become brotherly from instinct instead of from pious effort.

H. T. EDGE.

That which is neither Spirit nor Matter, neither Light nor Darkness, but is verily the container and root of these, that thou art. The Root projects at every Dawn its shadow on Itself, and that shadow thou callest Light and Life, oh poor *dead* Form. This Life-Light streameth downward through the stairway of the seven worlds, the stairs, of which each step becomes denser and darker. It is of this seven-times-seven scale that thou art the faithful climber and mirror, Oh little man. This thou art, but thou knowest it not.

ARYASANGA.

THE SEASONS OF THE GODS.

I sat with May upon a midnight hill
 Wrapped in a dusk of unremembered years
 And thought on buried April—on the tears
 And shrouds of March, and youth's dead daffodil
 All withered on a mound of Spring. And still
 The Earth moved sweetly in her sleep, the Spheres
 Wrought peace about her path, and for her ears
 Chimed the high music of their blended will.

The God who dreamed the Earth, as I this frame
 That makes me thrall to death and coward of birth—
 Dreamed He not March below some vanished Moon—
 Under an earlier heaven's auroral flame
 The cosmic April flowering into mirth
 Of May, and joy of universal June?

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

[Read before the Aryan T. S., April 2, 1889.]

From *The Path*.

IN the famous speech of Ulysses in the third act of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* occurs the often-quoted line, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." It is a curious fact, and one on the whole redounding to the credit of humanity, that the line is *never* quoted in the sense in which Ulysses uses it. He is speaking of the readiness of mankind to forget past benefits, and to prize the glitter of a specious present rather than the true gold of that which has gone by. "The present eye praises the present object," says the wise old Greek, and there is *one* touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, that is, men's fondness for praising that which is new, though it be gilded dust, rather than that which is ancient, though it be gold that is somewhat dusty. "Then marvel not," he says to Achilles, "that all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax."

Curiously enough, the line is always quoted as exemplifying the sympathy that, once awakened, makes men feel their close relationship to each other.* "Nature" is taken as meaning fellow-feeling, one touch of which makes us all brothers. This unconscious misinterpretation, or rather misapplication, of the great poet's words shows us how innate the conviction is of the fact of our universal brotherhood.

We recognise it as our *nature*, and one throb of fellow-feeling brings the truth home to our awakened consciousness. The touch of sympathy, like the spear of Ithuriel, instantly dispels the illusion of the senses; it lifts us from the purely terrestrial plane, the life of every day, with its apparent gulfs and abysses of worldly circumstance set between soul and soul, to that higher region where we see the non-reality of these separations; where we *feel*, in all those moments that call out the deeper nature of every human being, that the one great pulse of the universe throbs through all our veins. An intellectual conviction of the necessary identity of spirit will never go half so far towards convincing us of the reality of universal brotherhood, as the sudden flush of enthusiasm that follows the words of some great orator, the thrill with which we hear of some noble action, the grief with which we witness another's pain. We read in *Light on the Path* "Kill out all sense of separateness," because "Nothing that is embodied, nothing that is conscious of separation, nothing that is out of the eternal, can aid you." We may

* Shakespeare wrote: "One touch of nature makes the *whole world* kin." We read instead: "One touch of *nature* makes the whole world *kin*."

endeavour to realise this truth with all the mental power we can bring to bear upon it, meditate upon it for hours, and the sudden swaying of a crowd by some one mighty impulse, or the unexpected revelation of the depths of some human heart, will bring it home to us with a force that makes our intellectual conviction seem a pale and shadowy thing. There was a great spiritual truth in the old myth of the giant Antæus, who regained his strength whenever he touched his mother Earth. To sway the souls of men the poet must fall back upon our common humanity, must make men feel that he is one with them, must give voice to the inarticulate cry of the masses, must speak *from* the people and not *to* the people. It is this working from a common basis, this appeal from one man to his comrades, that makes the inspiration of Walt Whitman's poetry so great and so far-reaching, the intense conviction, in short, of universal brotherhood, that makes him say, in his *Leaves of Grass*:

"Recorders, ages hence!

* * * * * I will tell you what to say of me;

Publish my name and hang up my picture as that of the tenderest lover, * * * who was not proud of his songs, but of the measureless ocean of love within him—and freely poured it forth;" and who wrote to "Him who was crucified:"

"We all labour together, transmitting the same charge and succession;

We few, equals, indifferent of lands, indifferent of times;

We, inclosers of all continents, all castes—allowers of all theologies;

* * * * * We walk silent among disputes and assertions,

but reject not the disputers nor anything that is asserted;

We hear the bawling and din—we are reached at by divisions, jealousies, recriminations on every side,

They close peremptorily upon us to surround us, my comrade,

Yet we walk unheld, free, the whole earth over, journeying up and down, till we make our ineffaceable mark upon time and the diverse eras,

Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers, as we are."

And here the great poet strikes the same note touched upon by our President the last time he spoke to us. Because the realisation of this dream of universal brotherhood must needs be a thing of the *future*, because we see how far from this true concentration we are, and must be for many centuries to come, perhaps, therefore there is this need that we should "saturate time and eras," as Walt Whitman puts it, that we

should "make our ineffaceable mark" upon the age. For this we come together in societies, that each may have his modicum of power reinforced by contact with others; that the reviving breath of another's inspiration may quicken the flame in our own hearts; that the individual atoms, by their union and common intensity of purpose, shall make up the little mass of leaven that shall one day leaven the whole lump.

But, as we said in one of the papers the other evening, a society can only accomplish what its individual members *will* and *carry out*, and to inspire us to this individual effort I know of nothing more effective than the words of "the good gray poet," among others, these—

"Is reform needed? Is it through you?"

The greater the reform needed, the greater the personality you need to accomplish it. * * *

Do you not see how it would serve to have such a Body and Soul that when you enter the crowd, an atmosphere of desire and command enters with you, and everyone is impressed with your personality?

* * * * *

Whoever you are! claim your own at any hazard!

These shows of the east and west are tame compared to you;

These immense meadows, these interminable rivers,—you are immense and interminable as they;

These furies, elements, storms, motions of Nature, throes of apparent dissolution,—you are he or she who is master or mistress over them,

Master or mistress in your own right over Nature, elements, pain, passion, dissolution."

K. H.

"My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organised or better constituted than mine, would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry, and listen to some music, at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."—Darwin, *Life and Letters*, vol. i, pp. 81, 82.

A wandering voice floated softly by, and fell in silvery tones on listening ears: "Ever hold the cup, even when it seemeth empty."

The cup?—thought the mortal wondering. "Faith in the divine," the wandering voice replied.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE T. S. IN AUST.

GREETING :

On the 18th February, 1898, at Chicago, U.S.A., in Special Convention assembled, an overwhelming majority of members of the Theosophical Society in America asserted that they will declare to the world their belief in the ideal foundation of our institution known as the Theosophical Society.

This was the third and complete establishment of the sublime ideals and objects for which this institution was founded at New York in 1875, in the midst of a materialistic age, to bring Light, Truth, and Liberation to the Human Race. H. P. Blavatsky was the accredited agent of that Illustrious and Sacred Brotherhood of White Adepts which has guarded and compassionately tended the spiritual welfare and true progress of humanity in all ages, and out of whose ranks have come the Saviours of all races. To that wise and heroic heart, H. P. B., was entrusted the introduction of their philosophy and science of the true nature of the universe and man, preserved by them in its archaic purity and integrity for the present and future races of mankind. Her work was Creative.

The next step was taken by her martyred successor, our Second Leader and Teacher, the "friend of all creatures," William Q. Judge, who carried for so long the weaknesses of his untrained associates, and who preserved at the cost of his life the purity and sacredness of the gigantic task of H. P. B. His work was Preservative.

The third step was taken by the present Leader, Outer Head and Representative of the Sacred Brotherhood of White Adepts, KATHERINE A. TINGLEY, who publicly and before the world was *given*, and took, the Leadership in 1896, and was proclaimed as Leader and Outer Head by all in the Movement who held loyally to the first two Leaders at that time. These Three were an unbroken triple cord selected by that Sacred Brotherhood to carry out Their sublime and beneficent purpose, not for one Race alone, but for "the people of the earth and all creatures." They had worked together many times in past lives, and were prepared in this life for the great final effort to redeem the world from the misery of ignorance. The only failure possible for them, and the plans they brought to us, was want of recognition by the people, for unless people are willing to be helped, then by natural law they must suffer and remain in ignorance. To recognize the first there were but few, to recognize the second there were some hundreds, but to recognize the third there is a well organized army situated in all parts

of the world, many of whom have never forgotten the stern lesson that the death of the Second Leader was directly caused by want of recognition and the weakness of some of his intimate supporters, known to his friends but since laid bare to the world by their own deeds.

The work of the third is Regenerative.

So, in these Three we have what is known as the Creator, Preserver, and Regenerator, the triple line, or triangular manifestation of intelligence and force necessary for re-birth in worlds or men. The result of the overwhelming majority at the Chicago Convention to officially give Supreme Authority to the Outer Head of the Great White Lodge is but the practical result of the success of the Theosophical Society as a means to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood. Universal Brotherhood is now organized, and the members of the Theosophical Society who learned to form its nucleus, are now in an honourable department of that great organization that is wide and broad enough to admit other bodies who have been working for the same object, and to carry that work into practical effect.

The work of the Regenerator must prove destructive to old forms, and those who fail to grow and expand to the new environment will cling to the disintegrating shell of the past, and so choose their own fate. For the work of the Regenerator dispels the darkness of the past that has so long shrouded the divinely human being. Her crowning act was the establishment of Universal Brotherhood on the 18th February, the first day of a new cycle well known to many; and the last hour of a 5,000 years cycle of spiritual darkness, the depth of whose degradation has been witnessed by those who were prepared to see during the last six months the darkest hour that comes before the dawn of the New Day and New Life for humanity. Those who have faithfully watched with the Regenerator and divinely compassionate adept who was entrusted with this most dangerous and difficult of mighty tasks can bear overpowering witness to the loving hand that dispelled the dark crust of 5,000 years. "The wise and foolish virgins" is an ancient and oft-repeated drama in the outer courts of the Great Lodge, and as we were reminded "History would repeat itself." It has done so. But the glorious forces of the Sun are liberated and overpower all obstacles that would madly seek to stop its masterful power. Thousands of hidden souls have sprung out of the dark to proclaim with irresistible force the new-born spiritual life of humanity. All hail to the rising sun of righteousness, never more to be dimmed from the memory of man!

T. W. WILLANS,

Pres. T.S. in Aust. (N.S.W.).

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE PAPERS.—II.

*To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling,
and their true position in life.*

THE MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.

"BROTHERLINESS is not rushing about 'doing good,' *it is* thinking brotherly, speaking brotherly, acting brotherly on every occasion that offers, and all the time minding one's own business."

In our present order of civilisation there is an immense number of relationships in which men and women stand to each other, and scarcely one of them all has brotherhood as its foundation.

The brotherhood that has been boldly and nobly limned for us is to be "without distinction of caste, without distinction of sex." And yet it is still necessary to ask: Is the maid-of-all-work a sister of ours?

Many persons are now working hard and in good earnest to establish the beginnings of a human brotherhood. Sometimes however the work is first taken up farther from home than need be. It is easy to feel cordially towards the pleasant cultured people gathered in a drawing-room to hear a leader in whom all are interested; it is especially easy to regard as brothers our fellow-students at one with us in ideas and ideals. It is not difficult to act kindly to the intelligent young man, the bright graceful girl, who are trying to find foot-room in our crowded world. The effort required and enthusiasm evoked, make it a welcome task to go out and work amongst the very poor, their misery, dirt and ignorance acting as spurs to our energies, because we feel that we are really lessening the ills of humanity if we feed a hungry child, clothe a shivering woman, or find work for a prison-discharged thief. Therefore, it will be easy to enlist recruits for the accomplishment of these pressing works.

But somehow the maid-of-all-work is different. For one thing she is too near at hand. She has many slighting nick-names, most of which show that the paid performer of housework is regarded as having forfeited the rights of citizenship, and virtually become a bond-woman of inferior caste and clay. Yet without the due performance of housework, our grand civilisation would be shorn of most of its vaunted glory and nearly all its material comforts.

In the "hotels" of the wealthy, the suffering caused by loss of caste is not felt to an intense degree, as the numerous servants form a social set of their own, and only contact their employers while performing a small part of their several duties. But in the very

many houses where the hired help consists of one maid, often a young girl, the inhumanity of the existing relations between family and servants is forcibly brought to the observer's notice. Most of a servant's life is spent within doors, much of her work is done in the kitchen; yet the kitchen is frequently a sunless room, perhaps underground, without books pictures or even an easy chair. She rises early to prepare breakfast while we laze in warm beds. After we are served she sits down to a solitary breakfast, or snatches it standing if her many duties press in on her meal time, her dinner and tea too are prepared and eaten in cheerless solitude, after we have sat down to our comfortable and chatty meals

When at last the long hard day's work is ended the maid-of-all-work has three alternatives open to her. She can sit alone in her much-dwelt-in kitchen, she can go to her rather dismal bedroom and lose her sense of tired dulness in sleep, or she can go into the street to seek the companionship and amusement for which she thirsts, amongst the careless promenaders and in the shady places of resort within reach of her status and purse. None of these alternatives is however *exactly* what we should like for our sisters; is the maid-of-all-work then to be kept outside the pale of sisterhood?

True she is rougher spoken than need be, and her range of ideas, the subjects in which she is interested are limited; yet when treated as an equal she soon learns to respect herself; and her deeper nature begins to expand, in the sunshine of human love.

As a beginning our maid might sit at table with us, not only when we are alone but also when others sit down with us, we treating her as one whose proper place is at our table and not as one sitting there on sufferance. The pleasant family chat or discussion of ideas having a wider interest, soon receive her attention, and the new sister begins to give heed to social matters, which before belonged to another world for her. She, this maid of ours, might also have the use of our sitting-rooms in her leisure hours. When the day's work cannot end by 7 p.m., a rest during the afternoon in a pleasant room—if the weather does not invite to a stroll or bicycle ride—would be a refreshing preparation for the evening's work.

If our sister-maid does not wish to go out every evening, might she not be encouraged to join us round the sitting-room fire, where kindly talk, games or works fill up the winter evenings? Often the maid is musical and would fain have some teaching on that piano of ours. A taste for good reading can be developed, hands can be trained in the

use of pen or pencil, little matter what occupation is tried, so that the household assistant is made to feel that we know she is a human being, one whom we respect and desire to love; whose services we need and without whose assiduous efforts, many of the comforts we regard as essential would speedily vanish—like our tobacco smoke.

Possibly when we first associate freely with our hired help some want of polish, some tricks of behaviour grate on our more cultured senses. Such things, however, tend to disappear; and as they rub off from the contact with other human beings a nobler and more enlightened woman will emerge from behind them, than we were disposed to admit they could hide.

It is hard to avoid speaking much more strongly on the inhumanity of the present methods of treating servants, especially where they are young girls, far removed from parents and the associations of childhood.

The work of a servant is tiring and monotonous, what wonder then if many of them, who have been eating their hearts out all day from lack of loving friendly social intercourse, hasten into the streets at night, where under the glare of the gas lamps they are easily known as country girls, a fair prey to the evil disposed smooth-spoken persons of both sexes of whom there is no dearth. There are no doubt friendly societies and girls' guilds in most towns and cities but these do little to fill the blank lives of the household slaves. The rules, the mental uniform and other drawbacks attached to such institutions, the caste distinctions made, prevent their having any real humanizing influence. There is nothing in such institutions which makes the maid-of-all-work respect herself as a woman, or her occupation as being essential to the comfort and welfare of our complex society.

That which is needed is such loving treatment as will help the maid-of-all-work to become a more humane, gentle, upright, truth-loving woman, a worthwhile member of the great brotherhood to which we all desire to belong.

And after all our sister Cinderella may be the princess in disguise.

GEORGIE A. H. BRERETON.

The good is one thing, the pleasant another: these two having different objects, chain a man. It is well with him who clings to the good: he who chooses the pleasant, misses his end.—*Katha-Upanishad*.

NOTES.

BROTHER WILLAN'S manifesto contains, it seems to us, an excellent answer to those students of the Theosophical philosophy who appear to have grown more interested in "autonomy" than was wont to be the case in the glad old days under H.P.B., when it was "cheerfully to serve and promptly to obey." Truth to say, most of us, then as now, were more eager for "orders" than favoured with an undue multiplicity thereof. Of suggestions and aids there were and are many; far more than any one of us could either assimilate or carry out; but "orders"? Proud and happy were they who received them; but they were, and are, few.

* *

Really this craze for independence makes one laugh. When we become truly, consistently and continuously filled with boundless compassion for all that lives and breathes; teachers, exponents and living exemplars thereof in all we say and do and think; we shall then know something of real independence. Are we not the veriest children in such matters? Mere babes, surely. On the other hand, we have filled our brains with the writings of all ages, more or less, down to the *Secret Doctrine*, and we know—so much! We are quite important, and can now get along finely without extraneous human or superhuman guidance.

* *

But it is all nonsense. Such knowledge is not life. We ought to know that by this time. Nay more, such knowledge is hardly yet for most of us. Much was written not for us, but for the future. Written for men and women yet unborn who will be ON FIRE with brotherhood, and will thus have the swift intuition to understand and apply the knowledge in the right way to uplift and help souls. Not to flatter intellects.

* *

In the recent work of building up this great movement from an overshadowing to a living organism, each cell with its own life, there were intermediate stages—territorial branches and smaller branches,—consolidating, dividing, extruding, and all the time threatened with extinction for want of the life of real brotherly feeling. And it was occasionally necessary to speak of autonomy in connection with these stages. Now we have the living organism with the germs of real freedom, real unity and real independence. The independence of united souls engaged in a universal great work.

* *

The Brotherhood Bazaar, to be held in London in the autumn, for aiding the funds of the U. B. and the Home Crusade, will, it is hoped, have as one of its features an Irish stall. The Dublin committee for this consists of Miss Susan Varian, 91, Talbot Street, and Mrs. Annie Dick, 163, Rathgar Road, to either of whom residents in Ireland who wish to assist will kindly forward any contributions. Those of Irish nationality—or who have Irish hearts!—and who reside in other parts, will please forward their contributions for the Irish stall to Mr. K. M. Lundberg, 3, Vernon Place, London, W.C.

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